UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1205.

Original Poetry.

THE NEST.

TO ANNA-MARGARET.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY J. M. R.

As in the glowing noon of day
Peaceful carolers on the ground,
Beneath the lowering green I lay,
Lull'd by their notes, the song sound—

A little nest shall I spoil,
Of feathers white as snow,
With strong, the softer cottage twig,
Fast to the topmost bough

With eager joy I wind the prize,
And fond I hasten to my pair;
Love, not ingleflight, with Friendship ties,
Together nestling there.

Anna, our ringdove, fair dotation,
In Hymen's silken clue;
An oil'ring for the pair,
Friendship, dear Margaret, yet remains,

Original Tales.

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY EBENEZER W. TWYMAN.

"Virtue's preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crowned with joy at last."
"Vice is an monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated—needs but to be seen."

Throughout the wide world, in the breast of every sane human being, there either is, or has been a war of extermination waged between the two great principles of good and evil.

In many the contest is carried on with unremitting zeal by both parties, and hence the diversified gleanings of virtue and vice which we daily see manifested in the characters of those by whom we are surrounded: in those few, who accept of the assistance of that heavenly minister called Religion, whose errand is only to spread above the bow of peace, and to dispense to her votaries the fruits of happiness, virtue obtains the ascendancy: but in the far greater number evil predominates—in whose breasts the dying struggles of virtue may be compared to the public flickerings of an expiring lamp, and whose souls have been so steeped in the turbid waters of wickedness that they dare not show themselves to the world without being clad in the garb of goodness, or caring a cloak of hypocrisy thrown around their depraved intentions!

And yet how frequently do we see the good unfortunate, disliked and somewhat discountenanced—while the bad are prosperous, popular, beloved and seemingly happy: and then indeed the former might be tempted to murmur and complain but for the thought, that—

"Sustained by Virtue, all the storms of life
Assail in vain, though horrid over her brow
Collected, and all dreadful to the view;
Even to a heaven in storm—by virtue bear."

Throughout the whole of this world, and more especially in the cities of the United States, there are to be found many examples of the above having taken place and are daily taking place, to the astonishment of the virtuous, and the satisfaction of the vicious; but as the latter only can be benefited by the contemplation of such scenes, I will endeavor to present to the reader a few of the most striking ones, which have come under my own observation.

In a short time Mr. Munro bought the most splendid mansion in the town, (which, by the bye, stood nearer than any other to that of his late friend,) established himself in all the most extensive commission house, bought, and carried on a large banging factory and steam-mill, and invested a large amount in the south on a cotton farm.

Rumor for once had told the truth. Mr. Munro had acquired a princely portion with his wife.

Twelve or fifteen years passed without anything worthy of notice having taken place save the fact that all their acquaintances saw that there was no very great congeniality of feeling between the two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Lee. The one being too vain to associate much with the plain, unpretending sister of her husband; and the latter too proud to seek the company of any one whose chief recommendation consisted in being mistress of a house, and having means at command, which, yet, owing to some cause, they occasionally visited—perhaps for the same reason that many do on a-days—merely to keep up appearances in the eyes of the world.

You, perhaps, recollect that I told you that for some two years previous to becoming acquainted with you at college, I had been living in the town on which these families resided. During that time I became intimately acquainted with them. Some two or three months after I commenced residing in town, Mr. Lee died, leaving a splendid property and many debts to his wife and daughter—the latter being then about thirteen or fourteen years of age. It took all the assets of the deceased but the house in Independence Square to meet the liabilities of the estate, and leaving many widows and children to depend upon their own exertions they had to depend for a support.

Mr. Munro possibly had some desire to aid his sister in her troubles, but there was a certain lady who condescended to call him husband, whose word was the law, and who considered otherwise—because," said she, "I don't want that pretty piece of mine to know and feel that there is a difference between herself and my daughter."

You learn from this that she too had a daughter. She had one about the same age, and was of fourteen years of age, there were already many speculations among the gossips of the town, as to the respective merits of "Munro Castle" and "Munro Kingdom," as people were wont to call his house and his residence.

I visited the families very frequently, and it was what I noticed during these visits that alienated more and more the feelings of the two persons and virtue unfortunate. On the one hand I saw a pious amiable, devoted Christian mother, who had endeared herself to me in the world a frown; on the other, a vain, selfish, uncharitable, mean-spirited woman, rolling in wealth, basking in the smiles of the world, and apparently as happy as any one could wish to be. The child of the one was taught to be thankful for the bread earned by her own industry, to respect the aged, pity the afflicted, and love her God: that of the other learned to despise the poor, laugh at the misfortunes, and at religion, and rack her brain to invent some method of wasting the blessings showered upon her by a kind Providence. I would fain say one with whom I was acquainted. I had proposed scarcely ten paces from the door when I was surprised with accosting a beggar, and hearing the well known voice of my old friend Barbour Thomas, crying out, "Well, can that be Miss Munro?" I turned, and on the left hand stood was shaking hands and exchanging eulogies with one of the noblest-hearted beings of God's creation.

"Come," said I, "just here is my room, and this is no place to talk, walk in." He excused himself with the plea that he was engaged for the evening, but promised to call early the next morning, and as we separated for the night.

True to his promise he was with me the next day before I had seated myself after returning from the morning's round.

"Well," said I, "Barbour, what have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Pursuing your old occupation," answered he, "studying the character of every one whom I met."

"And what have you learned from your study?" inquired I.

"I have learned that it is useless for any person to attempt to lead a correct life, and succeed in obtaining the esteem of the world: for I daily see that those who, when closely observed, seem to be governed by sordid, selfish motives, have more prosperity and more respected than the honest and upright: while persons of servitude and strict principle are less thought of, their company less sought, and they more discontented—and consequently I have almost come to the conclusion—contrary to the dictates of my conscience—to follow the best of my own feelings and inclinations, and pay no respect to the feelings and wishes of others."

"I must confess," rejoined I, "that you give utterance to a sentiment as I never expected to hear from you: and you have come to conclusions very different from those to which I have come, although the time once was when I thought pretty much as you pretend to believe now. But listen to me while I relate the history of my intercourse with what I was intimately acquainted, the studying of whose lives first led me to entertain sentiments similar to those which you have just expressed, but afterwards brought me to exactly the opposite. Light a cigar, and throw aside your hat and bat: for I shall detain you till dinner."

He did as I desired, and then resuming his seat, remarked, "I am all attention:" and I proceeded.

When I was quite young, I recollect passing, in company with my father, through the town near which he lived and in which I was partly raised, and hearing him remark, that in a certain neat-looking brick house, which I pointed out to him, there would be a marriage in a few days. Upon inquiring I learned that it was occupied by a Mr. Munro and sister, and that the sister was to be married to a Mr. Lee of the same town. The father of this brother and sister had died about six months previous to this, and left the house and lot just mentioned to his daughter, a small mercantile establishment to his son. The Mr. Lee to whom Miss Munro was to be married had acted in the capacity of clerk for both father and son.

The marriage took place, and Mr. Lee bought the store of the brother, who immediately left home for the lower part of the state. In a short time news came that Mr. Munro was to be married to a lady of immense possessions: the announcement of which was succeeded, in about a week, by the dashing of a splendid equipage up to the neat residence of Mr. Lee, who now lived in the house which he obtained with his wife; and the appearance of a proud and wealthy, but handsome and rather intellectual-looking lady, who was presented to Mrs. Lee as her sister-in-law.

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A woman named was into a tenement troubled—Dark, of enmity, to it, breath of beauty

And grieve from her, when in due state, he could not help turning with a feeling of interior repugnance. It was not, in fact, his wife, indeed, for her own loveliness of character, but his wife, possessed by an evil, complaining, unpleasing temper.

During the dinner hour but little passed between the husband and wife. That little, however, was of a pleasant character, though evidently betokened feelings on the part of Mrs. Peabody. It was like the low, sighing breezes preceding the oppressive calm that follows the tempest.

The solitary tea-pot and broken sugar-bowl at tea time lived severely the heart of Mrs. Peabody, but she felt ashamed of the ill nature she had exhibited, and therefore stood out the suffer a night of this wreck to disturb her mind or that of her husband.

"I want you to go out to-day and purchase a new set of china," said Mr. Peabody to his wife, on the next morning, which happened to be Saturday.

"Isn't it too bad that I should have spoiled the one I have? I don't expect to get another set of china in my mind," said Mrs. Peabody, changing to settle over her brow.

"I don't think much about that," instantly returned her husband, in alarm. "Never cry over spilled milk, you know. That's a maxim I have, now, and can't be moulded. I've no doubt that you will be more careful hereafter, and even if you should not, it is no good cause for such grief."

This met. Mrs. Peabody intend herself to keep back all that remained unspoken in respect to her regrets for the ruin of her favorite set, and consented to go out and replace it for a set at once. She studied her husband's face as she accompanied him to the door, and then settled herself to work, upon which she had commenced beginning to settle over her brow.

"I don't know what to do

Peabody said. "Look here, Jane—this set of china is exactly like ours."

"So it is; I didn't believe one like it could be found in the city. I wonder if a few odd pieces could be supplied?"

"It's an easy matter to ask," was returned. "Could you furnish a cup and saucer, tea-pot and sugar-bowl of this pattern?" asked Mrs. Peabody of the crockery man.

"I believe we can," was replied—"yes, I know we can. A few days since we sold a lady the identical cups, sugar and cream, but the lady who used brittania ware. Cups and saucers, and plates in any number can always be had."

"Then send up, with the set we have by selection, the articles I have mentioned. We were so unfortunate as to have those attached to ours broken."

"Am I not a weak and foolish woman?" Mrs. Peabody said, leaning heavily upon the arm of her husband, as they emerged from the store. "I guess you will I learn to keep in the bright side of things?"

"It is only necessary in try, Jane," her husband said, kindly. "The result of earnest trial, in the effort to conquer improper states of mind, is always crowned with more or less success. It is our unwillingness to try, that so often causes us to fail. It is much easier to keep off those unhappy states than to get rid of them, when they once get hold of you. A handful of earth, carefully applied, might hold the seed, but let a breeze, no matter how small, be made in the dyke, and a flood of waters is quickly gathered among it. It is a kind mind. Keep out the enemy, and all is safe; but if he once get footheld within the citadel, there is no telling what ravages will follow."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1886.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the later novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, sixteen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIFTEEN DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' Novel Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and five copies of the Ladies' Novel Magazine.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for value received, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been sent. We assure our patrons that we will do our best to merit them.

A word to those still on arrears. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but have always given prompt notice. *We shall continue to cease a splendid paper.*

✱ A ✱ request is attended to.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In another part of this day's paper, the reader will find a selection from such parts of a recent celebration in one of the Massachusetts counties, as we judged, would be of general interest. Poems by Mrs. Sigourney, Oliver W. Holmes, and others, and some of the productions of persons not so widely known as poets; the reader will find to have merit in themselves independent of the occasion which called them out. Dr. Holmes is under the most "musical" of the whole. It is a rare talent which can absolutely unite a true poetical image and a bizarre conceit in the same line—and move the risible muscles, while the heart is touched. If we were asked to-day, to define "humor," we might hesitate to do it in terms—but as the readiest, and certainly one of the best examples which we ever read, we should quote a finger on this trifle of Holmes's. The "big links" in the Prairie of Youth, thoroughly American as it is, is heavily witty or "ornamental pun" is the clearest phase for a certain sort of pastry, that we ever read—and there are other "rights merrie quippes" in the same document, which would make a worth a trip to Boston, to hear the disciples of Esculapius deliver the poem, with the accompaniment of his own irresistible remarks upon it. Dr. has committed many such sins. Among the funniest of his productions, we remember "Evening, by a Tailor," which commenced

> Day back put on his pocket and pranced
> His morning hours buttoned it with ease,
> Here will I lay me on the velvet mane,
> Which is the darling of the magpie's eye."

And so he stitches together some twenty lines, without one labored pun or far fetched figure, and yet all as good as we have quoted. Again there is his ballad of the fisherman, who determined

> Launder seam the Hellespont, and I will swim this time."

"Comakeres you" that he was drowned. His epaph, the daughter of an oyster-man, drowned herself from sympathy, and it is of her that the touching lines was sent.

> The last long round her pallid cheeks,
> The sea-weed wreathed her hair.

But the reader is not to imagine that the Dr.'s harp is tuned only to mirthful measure. There are among his productions some of the most touching strains of melancholy in the English tongue; and if the publishers of that best and most elegant of all miscellanies, the "Mirror Library," can find place for him in one of their series, they will heartily oblige their readers, and add one more to the list of sand and one reasons why that collection is invaluable.

But we are wandering from gossip general into gossip particular. When we commenced to write, it was with the intent to say simply that we hope the Berkshire Jubilee will prove infectious, and set all the towns and counties on the old feature, to calling home the children for a jubilee. Let them come home—from the distant West and South—from the new towns they have built, the new States they have helped—from the smiling gardens they have created, whence all was waste before, to the old homestead. Let them look at the old village church, and school-house scarce less dear, and measure with the eyes of manhood the trees it fashled there—the distance of the entrances then shake the sturdiest hands which tossed them about, while the tossing arm was yet plump and full and round, and the longest, shrillest, soldier, sailor, pirate or parson, was yet a mere "bouncing baby." Let those eyes peep at them through spectacles, which were strong for the danger from the infantile trick of gouging, which seems a part of the total depravity of all babies, wherever born, and under what a Heaven. Let the dear old women say—"Why how the man looks"—or—"How he does talk"—or—"To be such a lawyer—or doctor—or merchant—or planter—or engineer—or machinist—or builder—or what not!" Are dashed by many's the time! I wanted him at the crump. I watched him in the meadows; I remember when he cut his eye teeth!" Or "I" breaks in a score of the old women, and tells the once sturdy but now "the lean and slippered pantaloon"—" I mined the young rascal out of my orchard—and" "I" and Rose in the

Let the wanderers be called home. Let Philadelphia issue her proclamation for one day's rest, it is to last for a week—and let how every corner of this country, aye, and every quarter of the world may answer! Let us show the nations and the States what they owe to existence or residence whose first lessons on thrift and industry and enterprise, and honesty were learnt at the knees of Pennsylvanian mothers. Let any corner of the State call home her prodigals located now to others, and see what a different site they will make—what a day she may date from in her future honest self glorification.

There is now great "system of exchanges" in the country which does wonders for its union and happiness. As a prophet at home is with- out honor the natural operation of the fact is a constant exchange of the prophets, which works well for all the parties. Transplanting is as useful in the human vegetable as any other— and more so, because it can select its own soil. The natural result of these admitted truths is that a great web of the ties of homogeneity, of friendship, of blood and of marriage, unites every State in the Union with the rest. And now that a hundred miles has become a mere short ride before breakfast, old friendships are revivified, and new ones formed, and the railroads are doing greater wonders for our country, under the blessing of Heaven, that the ingenious builders of Rabel thought to do for themselves in Heaven's spite.

And yet a new wonder is preparing. The day is coming, and there are those living who shall see it, when the lightning will telegraph only that a fallen star or shower will then be every-day doings. Morse's Telegraph, and the improvements which will infallibly spring from it, are but the merest outlines of what is possible and what is impossible. New wonders are daily declared among it. It is a kind of thing that the Telegraph has been so simplified as to have been efficiently operated with only two cups" from the most unfavorable circumstances, the moon being in her last quarter, and the battery in an anchor at 11 o'clock P. M. on the 6th, near the Brandywine shoal light-ship, and the telegraph operator at the 8th, and anchored again at Reedy Island—to come, have the pleasure of a call on the operator arrived at Chester. On the 10th she left the anchorage at Chester, and anchored at the Delaware Yard at 1 o'clock, P. M. of the same day.

In answer to your query as to the advantage of the new device, bringing vessels into port, as per has been long exposed to the action of salt water for decades, and the fact that it has been long a received opinion that fresh water will keep iron from rusting, or any other fact now adhering to the copper.

It is also stated, that under the favorable circumstances of the time that the line of his duty was laid, a vessel drawing twenty-four feet, may be brought from the Capes to the Navy Yard in ten or twelve hours.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

The British schooner Orange was accidently capsized, July 24th, when in latitude about 22 degrees 45 minutes North—longitude 85 degrees West. Fortunately, at the time the vessel capsized, the jolly boat, being stowed bottom up on the long boat, turned over, and all hands, seven in number, scrambled on to it, going in and got clear of the vessel, which almost at the same moment disappeared. They were now in the middle of the ocean, without food or water, or even an oar to guide the boat. Part of a seat was found floating near the boat, one of which was kept before the sun till daylight. During the day the lining and canvas from the stern of the boat was converted into a mast, on which was spread the Captain's shirt for a sail.

They were very dofted about for thirteen days, without any food except four small fishes about two inches long which they found in a bucket which was in the boat, and a small piece of what they caught from a couple of shooters, in two pairs of shoes.

They were rescued by the ship Yorkshrugh, after two or three terrible disappointments, and three of them were unable to climb on board. They were lifted bodily. The remainder of the crew, Wm. Rozere, was much emaciated and totally insensible, and although every means were used to restore him, he only survived a few hours. Their desire for water was very great, and it was not until the third day that their thirst was satisfied, at which time each person had used three gallons of water.

DELIBERATE MURDER.

We find in our exchanges a story which we can but hope is a fable, for it looks too monstrously improbable to be credited. The formality of "making wiles"—the going of the woman to the State, accompanied by her husband, and of the father accompanied by the sons, are too much a burlesque on bloody murder to be a perfect fact, and yet all the circumstances are represented nearly cannot exist. The story is

"A Mr. Fisher had put up a brick yard near the town of Marion, on what he supposed public land, and after he had taken hundreds of the quantity of bricks ready for burning, it was discovered that the land belonged to some Indians in the West, and accordingly the lumber was attached as the property of Fisher. Mrs. S. ordered Fisher from the land, and refused to let him remove the bricks. She notified Fisher in writing that he must quit the premises, to which Fisher replied that he would do as he pleased, and proceeded to settle up a little business. Mrs. Shumacher then went to see him. On the 4th inst., Fisher and his two sons, and a Mr. Wm. Shumacher and his son were on the other, all heavily armed with guns and pistols, repaired to the brick yard. It seems that the Fisher family, with the aid of the arrival of the other party, the battle took place. Fisher was shot Mr. Shumacher dead, in a gun, which was succeeded by a general firing from both parties, in which Mrs. Shumacher was mortally and Southey Fisher dangerously wounded. Eight guns were fired, and two by Mrs. Shumacher herself, she lived about 12 13 hours after she received the fatal shot, and expired. It is thought that Fisher will recover Mr. Shumacher has been committed."

NEVER DESPAIR.

It is related of somebody, to whom we remember little now, except that he died old and rich—that while yet young and poor, he lost his all in a fire. He was in debt for merchandise not credit. Upon hearing of the disaster, for he was absent at the time of its occurrence, he started directly to the burning scene. After he found himself, with his own hands, to clear away the rubbish, and "save the pieces," like a man who had been used to ordinary duty's work. In person of this even temperature and calm resolution, and perseverance, no difficulty was insurmountable.

Hope in reverses, and energy and industry in repairing their effects, is characteristic of Americans, who calculate by the thousands those ruin- ed. Our readers remember that little more than a year has elapsed since Fall River, in Massachusetts, was visited with a fire that destroyed upwards of two hundred buildings and other property, amounting in value to millions of dollars, the whole number of dwelling houses, stores, mechanics' shops, factories, livery stables, school houses, and churches, which have been erected since the fire, and which are now in progress, is about three hundred. Some of these are very handsome. Not one-fourth of the population of Fall River, at the time of the fire was 8,000, now it is about 10,000.

A GREAT ROGUE.

A Newspaper paragraph concludes: has recently been arrested in Cincinnati, one Tincher, (with aliases), and $14,000 of counterfeit money found in his possession. He had succeeded, when put in jail, in escaping from the Sheriff and Marshals' Bands of Wheeling, well executed counterfeit plates, and $1,000 in counterfeit bills were executed, also Missouri and Indiana 5's 10's and 20's. The documents found on this Tincher, and the money, were identified positively which will lead unerringly to the arrest and conviction of persons little suspected of trafficking in counterfeit money. It is said that the papers have given currency in the latter part of this statement, as it operates as a warning to confederates to be more circumspect.

ELECTIONS.

We have little to add to last week's news relative to elections. In Kentucky the Whig State ticket is elected by a large majority, and the Legislature is also Whig by a handsome majority, and the Lieut. Gov., Binns, about eleven thousand.

In Missouri the "Hards" have a majority of 10 in the House and 16 in the Senate. The "Hards," or Benton Governor, has a majority of between two and five thousand.

In Louisiana the Legislature stands. Senate 24 Democrats and 8 Whigs. House, 24 Whigs and 81 Democrats.

In North Carolina, the Whig Governor's majority is stated at 12,000.

VOCAL GYMNASIUM.

We would refer each of our readers as need to learn to speak more trippingly to the advertisement of Dr. Cornbrook whose vocal gymnasium has been so long of deserved repute.

GUN-SHOT ACCIDENTS.

As this is the season when the war is most valiantly waged against the birdlords, we find on all hands accounts of accidents to boys and others' guns. In Carroll township a young man opening a gun he held in his hand to be empty, put on a cap, and scraped it at his companion, a son of Francis Gideon. A load of shot was lodged in his body, and he died of the wound in a short time. This is one of those accidents for which there is least apology. We have never had a right sight-seeing acquaintance to the Providence Telegraph which has been long a received opinion that fresh water will keep iron from rusting, or any other fact now adhering to the copper.

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THE DELAWARE CHANNEL.

We announced, last week, the arrival of the U. S. Frigate Potomac in the Delaware, and refer to it again, to mention the most interesting fact to Philadelphians, connected with it. That is, the further demonstration of the fitness of this city for the loftiest of a Dry Dock. We subjoin the essential parts of a reply made by Capt. Geo. C. Read, to a letter addressed to him by Hon. E. Joy Morris:

The case, the safety and rapidity with which one of the largest frigates in our service, with all her armament stores on board, was conducted through a channel considered intricate, and the difficulties of which years ago were almost insuperable to vessels drawing more than twelve feet water, would, I think, create some surprise, and elicit the inquiry of public opinion relative to the fitness of the Delaware channel under which the passage was effected, for the location of a first-class dry dock.

It appears that the bar near Fort Mifflin, which was formerly the shallest part of the river, has increased in depth from nine to ten feet within the last twenty or thirty years, and that the Brandywine shoals have, within the last twenty-two feet water coming up—and it is asserted by the same authority, that had the ship drawn 22½ feet, she would not have touched the ground.

The Potomac drawing 21 feet 6 inches, passed Reedy Island Dock Range Lights, with a wind at S. S. W. about 8 o'clock in the evening of Thursday the 8th inst, and anchored off the Navy Yard at 1 o'clock, P. M. of the same day.

In answer to your query as to the advantage of the new device, bringing vessels into port, as per has been long exposed to the action of salt water for decades, and the fact that it has been long a received opinion that fresh water will keep iron from rusting, or any other fact now adhering to the copper.

It is also stated, that under the favorable circumstances of the time that the line of his duty was laid, a vessel drawing twenty-four feet, may be brought from the Capes to the Navy Yard in ten or twelve hours.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

The British schooner Orange was accidently capsized, July 24th, when in latitude about 22 degrees 45 minutes North—longitude 85 degrees West. Fortunately, at the time the vessel capsized, the jolly boat, being stowed bottom up on the long boat, turned over, and all hands, seven in number, scrambled on to it, going in and got clear of the vessel, which almost at the same moment disappeared. They were now in the middle of the ocean, without food or water, or even an oar to guide the boat. Part of a seat was found floating near the boat, one of which was kept before the sun till daylight. During the day the lining and canvas from the stern of the boat was converted into a mast, on which was spread the Captain's shirt for a sail.

They were very dofted about for thirteen days, without any food except four small fishes about two inches long which they found in a bucket which was in the boat, and a small piece of what they caught from a couple of shooters, in two pairs of shoes.

They were rescued by the ship Yorkshrugh, after two or three terrible disappointments, and three of them were unable to climb on board. They were lifted bodily. The remainder of the crew, Wm. Rozere, was much emaciated and totally insensible, and although every means were used to restore him, he only survived a few hours. Their desire for water was very great, and it was not until the third day that their thirst was satisfied, at which time each person had used three gallons of water.

DELIBERATE MURDER.

We find in our exchanges a story which we can but hope is a fable, for it looks too monstrously improbable to be credited. The formality of "making wiles"—the going of the woman to the State, accompanied by her husband, and of the father accompanied by the sons, are too much a burlesque on bloody murder to be a perfect fact, and yet all the circumstances are represented nearly cannot exist. The story is

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LONGEVITY.

An Indian woman recently died at Charleston, S. C., at the age of 117. We notice a statement in the Providence Journal, that a lady father at war with the received notions as to salubrity of places of residence, and the character of the climate most conducive to health. He said there is a Mrs. Leonard living near Taunton, Mass., who is more than one hundred and seven years old. She was always a light, fragile looking woman, but has stemmed the tide of a hundred years; and is in good health and spirits. She has never had a pair of spectacles. She has always lived in one house, which is very low, damp and swampy—peculiarly cold, clayey soil.

EXECUTION.

John McDaniel and James Brown, two of the murderers of Chavis, the Santa Fe trader, John McDaniel, the captain of the line of his duty laid at St. Louis, Mo., on the 16th inst. Both protested to the last that they were innocent of the crime for which they were executed, and which they suffered death. A large concourse of people were present at the execution. The utmost interest was felt in the case from the start down to the last moment; and immense efforts had been made to procure one, but the President did not deem it the case to the line of his duty

UNFAIR.

We perceive in the Western papers a statement that the story of Joe Smith's having received a golden Bible with a sword in his hand, is false. It heeded no ghost from the grave to tell us that, but there is another thing in the matter which is false. It is false that any Mormon has circulated such a story. The whole thing is an invention of their enemies to make the more perceptible against us a base light stirred. Samuel Smith, the brother of the prophet is also dead, and it is said that Sysny Eagles will not be chosen Patriarch."

HANDSOME PRESENT.

Some of the members of the Hope Engine, of New York, have presented to the Humane Fire Co., of the same city, a silver trumpet in the shape of an elegant model of the apparatus belonging to the New York Company. The engine is a perfect miniature in every particular, ornament, outside, and within the works are finished in the highest style of mechanical skill. The power of the engine is small as it is said that it can be made to throw water from thirty-five to forty feet.

VON RAUMER.

Baron Von Raumer, is now in this city, and we learn that the German residents, and others of our citizens who appreciate his character and talents, are about to tender him the compliment of a public dinner

Welcome Home.

THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

In compliment to our thousands of readers of Yankee origin, scattered by emigration from Maine to Georgia, we have taken the heads of recent doings in Berkshire County Mass., from a report in the New York Tribune. Our readers are hardly aware of the busy, busy many of the prominent authors and politicians, jurists and statesmen, who are known as New England's, have known where to find him, and obtain reparation. But even if your neighbor does sell a little higher than the itinerant pedlar, you are to recollect that this extensa pass to pay his charges among you—that his money is spent where it is received: that he bears his proportion of the taxes and duties of the community in which he lives; and in a word, that what you spend near home, does its share to stream in Georgia, with vinegar, and will directly or indirectly flow back into your own pocket again.

The wanderer, on the other hand, has no local attachments among his customers, and does absolutely nothing to help the towns and farms, in the midst of exchanges the contents of his cart or pack to fill his purse. He carries away with him all the money that he picks up, to spend where he will, and his only establishments are and precious good care your pedlar takes how he deals with brothers of the same craft.

There undoubtedly are honest pedlars. We have known such, and several of our acquaintance have been cheated by the worshipful community some as arrant rogues as can well be conceived—small rogues and large ones—heavy rogues and petty cheats. One of the last of these gentry is described by way of a caution, in a Connecticut paper, the Norwalk Gazette. He sells a light but fine manufacturing of brass and other metals into silver. With this wash a brass knocker may be made, for instance, resembling in color and outline silver, himself, with his own hands, to clear away the rubbish, and "save the pieces," like a man who had been used to ordinary duty's work. In person of this even temperature and calm resolution, and perseverance, no difficulty was insurmountable.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1,50 in advance for six months.

Subscribers are requested to *Send* their letters addressed to us. The word "*Post*" of itself is not a frank. Postmasters will please observe that letters with their names on are liable to

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of all sorts: Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents will be carefully selected to make quick remittances, and all who do it faithfully will be kept constantly employed. They should always give names and time paid for.

Letters should be addressed to the Post Office nearest *them*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ THE WILLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent for the State of Wisconsin:

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan; and *Mr. Moses Thompson, Mr. Daniel F. Tenney, Mr. Daniel R. Hungerford, T. Trent and E. Y. Jennings*

ARTHUR TOMPKINS, Leeds, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Delaware and Maryland.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the State of Illinois South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Polk, Dr. Briggs, William B. Wall, O. H. P. Ferris, Henry Flint.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania. JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

COLUMBIAN LADY'S AND GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE, for *September. New York: Post, Dillingham, Fisher & Co., and Philadelphia: Peterson.*—We have received a number of the Columbian. One of its stories, by a deservedly popular writer we have placed in another part of this day's paper, and we commend it to the particular attention of all the married folk. There are very few families indeed in which the moral of this story will not be more applicable. People are so in the habit of tormenting themselves unnecessarily, that a little of the kind may do much good. For the rest—as we said before, the number is excellent—as usual. The "Chronicle of Fashion" is an impressive story, being such evidence of truth and naturalness, that we are inclined to think the author is describing what he has seen. The "Fashions" are beautiful as ever—well narrated—for such the ladies say.

LIVES OF THE SIGNERS of the Declaration of Independence. *By Peter Parley. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* Many school readers will be surprised, in talking up this little work, to find how accurately they have learned the lessons of their youth, and how much historical interest attaches itself to events and periods of which, in our childhood, we cared not a straw. Like the other works of the series, for this belongs to Parley's Library, it is written in the most simple and pleasing style. It will convey much to the young mind pleasant, not only as matters of knowledge, but as matters of entertainment.

EVENINGS OF A WORKING-MAN. *being the Occupation of his Young Days in Rhyme. By John Critchley Prince. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co., and Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.* This is a long title—and we think it considers it the best way will wish the book itself—a thin pamphlet,—correspondent letter in rough work on the title page. In the Preface Mr. Dickens gives some very interesting particulars respecting the writer. We wish many of the gentle of the publication here might go to his scanty purse, for he is a needy man.

THE PROPRIETIES OF DAILY. *By George Bush, Professor of Hebrew, New York Cemetery. New York: Harper: Philadelphia: Peterson & Parrish.* The work will be continued in numbers, extending to some six or eight. The eminent critical knowledge which the author possesses, and the reputation he has acquired by previously published commentaries on other parts of the Hebrew Scriptures will be the best guarantees of this, as an elaborate and learned work.

SOUTH SEIDE.—The Third number of Campbell's Life's poems entitled of South's Family Slider has made its appearance. It is one of those works which have long but long before the public, and which, from its intrinsic merit, cannot suppress, to need a lengthened notice. We should think that thousands of the readers of the Saturday Post are already in possession of the work.

PARLEY'S EVERY DAY BOOK. *Campbell & Co.*—The work is a most pleasing one, and is full of interesting and useful illustrations, and filled from title page to finis with matter not to far from the school, or the fireside. We know of no better books than Parley's for the young folk, and this one of the very best of an excellent family, should not be overlooked by anybody.

☞ Littell's Living Age, sold in this city by Chester & Canning, is the very best republication of Foreign Miscellany now issued. It gives the cream of the best articles from the Foreign Periodicals, at the earliest day after the reception of the Journal, and is the most convenient thing being weekly issued.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE. *Lea & Blanchard.*—No. XI of this work is out, and is equal to the preceding numbers, full of valuable and interesting matter. As we have said before—without as a work to put in the hands of a physician's reference table, it is an invaluable Encyclopedia.

☞ "Cartoons" is the fanciful title of a selection from the Drawing Room Library of Messrs. Carey & Hart, received by us. It consists of thirty-five wonders of Raphael's Sacred Sketches Angel, and other matters of value and interest.

BLACKWOOD, for August, has been received by *Zieber & Co.* In an unusually dull generality of matter, we find the usual variety of the original edition, and as reprinted is one of the cheapest publications of the day.

☞ The last number of the Repository of Modern Reference has been received by *Zieber & Co.* It continues the leading commercial character of the work.

SHAKESPEARE.—Part 21 of Hewitt's Shakspeare has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and by *Robinson & Peterson.* It contained the play of *Lear.*

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after an eloquent appeal from Dr. Olin, on behalf of the Wesleyan University, on the 10th instant, subscribed the sum of $5,000, within five years, and the interest on that amount till it is paid. With a view to raise this amount, the list of members will be immediately called, and personal pledges receive from each. The same body had with Upper Canada Conference since, to consider the expediency or inexpediency of Methodists becoming Old Fellows, and report thereon for the action of the conference at its session, to be held next year.

☞ A National Sabbath Convention will be held at Albany, on the 10th of September. The circular, calling together this latter Convention, appears in the Baltimore papers, and invites the friends of the Sabbath, of every religious denomination, to appoint Delegates from all quarters of the Union, who shall assemble and consult as they think.

☞ The Allen street Presbyterian church of New York, recently under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, now travelling in Europe, has with unanimous solicitude invited the Rev. David B. Coe, of Milford, Conn., to become their pastor. The call has been accepted, and the pastor will take up the discharge of his duties the 15th of September.

☞ The building of the English Lutheran Church, at Reading, Pennsylvania, is progressing rapidly. The walls are already enough to their destined height, and will soon be ready for the coming. It is proposed to have the church completed for consecration, in October or November next.

☞ The Synod of Pennsylvania (new school) Presbytery will meet in the Clinton Street Church on the evening of next Sunday, the 29th of October. The Moderator, the Reverend B. J. Wallace, will preach the opening sermon.

☞ The Second Baptist Church, in Spring Garden, Philadelphia County, a branch of the Tenth Church, has unanimously called the Rev. Mr. Burrows to the pastorate. He has not yet formally accepted the call.

☞ There is to be a grand procession of Sunday School Children in the City of Baltimore, some time in October next. It is anticipated that at least ten thousand children will participate in it.

☞ The Rev. James W. Alexander, a Professor in the College at Princeton, N. J., has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Duane Street Church, in New York.

☞ Professor Hodnak, of Western New York, was chosen Professor of Christian Theology, at the Auburn Theological Institution, on the 21st inst.

☞ The Rev. Samuel L. Southard, of Belleville; has accepted a call from Calvary Church in the city of New York.

☞ The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, met on the 21st, at Geneva. Rev. Dr. Shelton, of Buffalo, delivered the annual sermon. 59 clerical, and 149 lay delegates were in attendance.

☞ A Special Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this Diocese, assembles here on Thursday next, Sept. 5th, for the election of an Assistant Bishop.

☞ The Third Presbytery (new school) of Philadelphia, will hold its next stated meeting in the Third Church on the evening of Tuesday the 1st of October.

Personal News.

☞ The Boston Advertiser, contains an advertisement, calling upon the descendants of Richard Hawes, who landed in New England in 1644, to meet in Convention at Framingham, on the 29th inst., the 200th Anniversary of their ancestor's arrival. Some of these descendants have taken pains to make a careful genealogical record of the family, which forms a pamphlet of some fifty pages.

☞ The following Congressional nominations have not been before announced in this paper: Michael ii. Jenks, Bucks and Lehigh. Andrew Stewart, Somerset, &c. Cornelius Darragh, Allegheny. Charles M. Reed, Erie, &c. John H. Ewing, Washington—all Whigs.

☞ The Democrats of this county have nominated A. Pennington, as their candidate for State Senator; and have also named their Assembly ticket. For County Auditor they nominate H. J. Fougeray, and for Commissioner, Emanuel Street.

☞ The Whigs of Delaware county, have nominated D. B. Stacey, to Congress. The Democrats of Delaware county, have nominated Dr. Mercer Brown, and the same party in Adams, have nominated Moses McClean.

☞ Dr. David Hoffner, of Adams county, has been unanimously nominated as the Whig candidate of York and Adams counties, to represent the Whig party in the next Congress of the United States.

☞ The Pottsville Gazette, states that the President has appointed Mr. Michael Cochran, postmaster at the borough of Pottsville, in the place of John T. Werner, Esq. resigned.

☞ James G. Hughes, of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., has been nominated as the Whig candidate for the Eighteenth Congressional District of that State.

☞ Hon. Luther Severance, editor of the Kennebec Journal, has been nominated for re-election to Congress, in the Second Maine District.

☞ A Genealogy of the Families which first came to Jamestown, Va. in the year of preparation by Mr. Holgate, who is now in Albany.

☞ The Whigs of the First Congressional District, Rhode Island, have nominated F. Joy Morrin, as their candidate to Congress.

☞ The Whigs have nominated Joseph R. Ingersoll, for Congress, from the Second District.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF GOV. DALLAS.—We are pained to find the accounts some time since received of the illness of Gov. Dallas, fully confirmed by the intelligence of his death. Com. Dallas was in command of the Pacific squadron, and the melancholy event took place on board the Savannah, in Callao Bay, on the 31st of June last: from a third attack of paralysis. The remains were interred in the British cemetery at Bona Vista, a small village between Callao and Lima.

Commodore Dallas entered the Navy as Midshipman on the 22d day of November, 1805, and had, of course, been in the naval service, in which he enjoyed an enviable reputation, nearly thirty-nine years. He was the son of that sterling patriot, Alexander J. Dallas, who so distinguished himself as Secretary of the Treasury Department, at the most critical period of the history of this country, and who was the brother of the late George M. Dallas, of this city, now before the people as the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States.

DEATH OF JAMES TOOLEY.—There are few, if any, of our city readers who do not remember the young artist James Tooley, whose untimely mortality of remarkable size, were the admiration of all who saw them, and who had, at an early age, by the force of native genius, attained to the distinguished rank of being himself among the first artists of the country. A few weeks since, wasted to the very verge of the grave by consumption, he left this city for the residence of his father, Dr. Henry Tooley, in St. Louis, Mo. He was fearful that life would barely last out the journey. It did little more: for we notice that on the 15th inst. he expired at the time having as yet passed its morning. Many friends in this city lament his untimely demise.

HON. RODERICK MACKENZIE died at Montreal, Canada, on Thursday, the 14th inst. at the age of 83 years. He became connected with the late North West Company at an early age, and at the time when that famous trading association merged into the Company of Hudson's Bay, was one of its leading and influential members. He was a man of literary and scientific attainments and his researches into the origin and classification of the Indian tribes of America, have furnished matter for a very readable and interesting account of the aborigines of this Continent. He was twenty-two years in the Council of Lords—Foreign, and always remarked for the wisdom and moderation of his views and measures.

DEATH AT NIAGARA.—Mr. J. Thompson, a native of Scotland, but for many years a highly worthy of a very large circle of his own age and of his seniors, met with sudden death at Niagara last week. While in the act of stepping upon the Table Rock, and it is supposed that the water suddenly rose and swept him from the rock, a fearful fate manifested by his friends and companions, at the early death of one so promising and well beloved.

DEATH OF A CONSUL.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Dodson, Consul General of Spain for the United States, died on Tuesday, at Bristol, where he had been residing, in the hope of restoring his health. He had been in ill health for some time, and his decease will be deeply regretted.

☞ Among the deaths by yellow fever at Galveston, Texas, we notice those of A. M. Gono, Esq., American Consul, on the 28th ult. Mr. Richard D. Harding, on the 23d ult. Judge P. C. Jack, died at Houston on the 4th instant.

☞ Edward Cutts, Esq., of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, died on Thursday morning last week. He was an eminent Counsellor, and of singular probity of character.

☞ The Rev. B. Hollowell, an aged minister of the Methodist Church, died at Pittsfield, Mass., a few days ago.

Army & Navy.

NAVAL ASYLUM.—Two wings to the main building of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, are now in progress of erection. The dimensions of each of the wings are to be 47 feet front by 50 feet in depth, with Porter's Lodges on the front line of the Gray's Ferry Road. M. Strickland is appointed the Architect and Superintendent, and we understand, that in point of Architectural taste, he will produce a strict correspondence of these wings with the main building, the front of which is 300 feet, and ornamented with a portico in the centre, flanked by extensive verandas. The main building was designed by Mr Strickland, and was built twelve or thirteen years ago. Commodore Morgan is now Governor of the Institution.

☞ The U. S. brig Somers, Commander Geary, last from Turk's Island, arrived at this city on Sunday last.

☞ U. S. Iron Steamer Michigan.—This vessel, put together at Erie, is at length said to be completed, and presents a perfect model. She has made two trial trips, the first going 66 miles in 4 hours and 18 minutes, the second 50 miles in 4 hours and 22 minutes, with a heavy beam wind. According to the Erie Gazette, her draught of water is quite small. With all her guns, and 40 tons of coal on board, she draws but 7 ft. 11 inches, and, when the less draught than any war vessel of her class now afloat, and combines more strength than is possible for any wooden vessel of her tonnage.

☞ Commander Wm. Chauncey Wetmore, who has been for the last two years the chief executive officer of the U. S. ship of the line North Carolina, at New York, has been detached from that vessel and the command here of observance for three months.

☞ We learn from a letter in the Baltimore Sun, that the operations at the Washington Navy Yard, are progressing rapidly. The steamer has attracted considerable attention, being the first vessel of that description constructed at that yard.

☞ The United States ship St. Louis, from Norfolk for the East Indies, was passed in the Gaspe Straits, April 29th, bound to the Northward.

☞ The store ship Erie, Lt. Com. Duke, arrived at Rio on the 12th ult., 30 days from Montevideo, to sail for the United States in five days.

☞ The frigate United States, Capt. Armstrong, arrived at Callao on the 31 of June.

☞ The U. S. frigate Brandywine sailed from Hong Kong, 10th March, for Manilla.

New York City.

CUSTOMS.—The amount of duties collected at the port of New York, from the 1st of August to the 15th inst., was two millions two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

During the same period the value of goods entered for home consumption and six hundred thousand dollars, 5,600,000 Free goods, during the same period, four hundred and eighty thousand dollars, 480,000

Total of goods, $6,080,000
Import of specie for the same time, 45,500

Total of imports, $6,127,500

The proceeds of free foreign vessels, all supposed to have to be cargoes of dutiable goods, are to be added to this amount.

☞ The Coroner of New York, held an inquest on Monday morning last, on the body of C. J. Josephine Boggs, a native of Canada, aged twenty years, whose clothes caught fire from a candle on Thursday night, in the wood house, came to her death by the means. *She was burned for fear of her husband*—and before she could be extricated she was so badly burned in her head, back, and shoulders, that she was removed to the Hospital, where she died the next morning. Verdict—death by accidental burning.

THE PENALTY.—A captain of a Bremen vessel has been held to bail in New York, for bringing into that port fifteen more passengers than the tonnage of his ship entitled him to by law. The penalty is $150 per head. The law allows two passengers to every five tons, and an excess of twenty renders the vessel liable to forfeiture. This law has been allowed to slumber until forgotten, and the first cases under the revival should be gently treated.

A FAST SHIP.—The new steam ship Massachusetts, arrived at New York on Friday afternoon of last week, from Bath, Maine. She came in forty-seven hours, and passed every vessel on the passage without the aid of steam. Her pilot, Mr. Barger, says he was never on board a faster vessel. She came to New York for the purpose of being fitted for the Bremen's propeller, and will sail, when completed, for Constantinople.

NEW YORK EXPORTS.—The following articles, the principally agricultural, were shipped from New York since the first of January last—to the 15th inst., without the aid of steam. Ber 21,123 bbls. of corn meal. 223,75 do of wheat flour; 2,256 do of rye do. 27,013 buhes of cheese; 6,509 casks do. 1,000 bbls. of beef; 52,367 do. of pork: 100,052 kegs of lard: 123,661 bbls. of turpentine

☞ Uncle Sam always makes poor "traders." The New York True Sun states that the old frigate Hudson, which was bought for less than six thousand dollars at the Government, hids fair to prove a great speculation. The owners have found her hull, or rather the lower part of it, perfectly sound, and it is to be converted into a coal barge. They will clear $10,000 by their purchase.

BRIDGE.—The New York Custom House having received information that the last raw silk were shipped on board the Sheridan, at Liverpool, without being entered in the Custom House, countermanded the order and last week, on Wednesday, and the silk being found on board, it was seized by the United States Marshal.

BURGLARS.—The store of Mr. Scott was robbed on Thursday night of last week, of $3,000 worth of dry goods. On Friday night, the clothing store of James & De Groot, on Fulton street, was entered, and $3,000 worth of goods taken.

Miscellaneous News.

NARROW ESCAPE.—At Pottsville, on Friday morning of last week, while an omnibus loaded with passengers was on its way to the Reading Railroad Depot, the horses were frightened by the approach of a number of Circus wagons, and violently precipitated the vehicle and passengers down a steep bank, opposite Mr. Downey's Hotel, in Mortor Addition. The remaining horses precipitated the vehicle and passengers down a steep bank, opposite Mr. Downey's Hotel, in Mortor Addition. The remaining horses ran a short distance, when they were stopped by the driver. Fortunately no one was severely bruised, but we are happy to learn that no lives were lost, nor limbs broken.

A CURIOUS RACE.—The Boston Courier says there are about three hundred descendants of Indians living in and around Edgartown, but the African race is so intermingled with them, that very few can be found blended blood can be found. As a people, they are orderly, temperate, intelligent and religious; having places of worship, and live comfortably in habitations. Many of them are employed in the whale fishery, and are of high repute in the service.

POLLY BOZENE.—This woman, accused of the murder of Mrs. Housaman and her child, is in jail, in Richmond County, N. Y. The excitement having passed away, she is solitary and alone in her cell. Very few, except her neighbors, visit her, and she is unwilling to see any strangers. The story of her having become pious in prison is not true, nor does she manifest any particular desire to receive the visits of clergymen. Waite is also in the same building.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Every one recollects the difficulties of Mr. Stenebrger, the great cattle dealer, and the subsequent suits to recover money due him. Among other suits one was brought by the United States Bank against Mr. Andrew Bertie, as endorser for Mr. Steinberger, for some $40,000. The Court of Appeals, of Virginia, at a recent session, has decided the case in favor of Mr. Bertie, so that the bank loses that much more of its available assets.

☞ A Portland fishing schooner, with 220 quintals of fish, was seized at Sydney, C. B., about two months ago since, for a violation of the treaty regulations. There are continual difficulties of this sort in those waters. The treaty by which the fishing is certain latitudes is forbidden to our fishermen causes great inconvenience, and would be nobody any good, even if strictly kept.

☞ Mr. Anderson, stabbed on Monday week at Pittsburg, Pa., died the next afternoon where his wounds. Within the last six or eight weeks says the "Age," no less than three persons have been committed to prison for murders in this city and vicinity, all by stabbing, and another has left the country to avoid an arrest for an attempt to kill by the same means.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—An accident of a most painful character, and fatal in its result, occurred on Friday evening week, near the toll gate on the Philadelphia road, Baltimore. At the house of Mrs. Decker some difficulty occurred with a cow, when her son, Mr. L. Decker, seized a stone and threw it at the animal. The stone either struck the cow and glanced, or missed her entirely, and struck Mrs. D., a lady about sixty years of age, on the head, inflicting a wound which, on Sunday night about eleven o'clock, terminated her existence. The son was thus unfortunately the cause of his mother's death.

TRAGIC DEATH.—A woman by the name of Mackintosh, was found on Friday morning of last week, in a field near the Lancaster road, in Pottsville, lying dead, with her face in a small stream of water. It is supposed that she went there intoxicated, and in that condition was drowned.

LARGE APPLE.—The editor of the Annapolis Star has received an apple, taken from a tree in the orchard of Mr. Hall Kenney, in Anne Arundel county, which measures 1 foot 21 inches in circumference, and weighs 11 lbs. The tree belonging to this apple we believe is very young, this being the first year it has produced any fruit.

☞ The visitors at a place of amusement called McGowen's Garden, in Richmond, Va., on Monday night of last week, considering themselves humbugged and insulted, demolished the building, and pelted the proprietor with eggs on a rail. This is a most miserable way of dealing—no matter what the exhibitor had done.

Educational.

WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.—We notice that Amos Lawrence, Esq., in addition to the liberal donation of $50,000 recently made to this College, some time since made to William's College, has recently made to the same institution another donation of $50,000 to endow a professorship ment took place on Wednesday week. The degree of A. B. was conferred on thirty-three graduates, and the degree was admitted in course of the A. M., which was also conferred as an honorary degree on three literary gentlemen. The honorary degree of L.L. D. was conferred on His Excellency Gov. Briggs, who was present. A son of Gov. Briggs took the degree of A. B. as a member of the graduating class.

FREE.—Dr. Thomas Robbins, pastor of the Congregational Society in Marlborough, Mass. well known for his antiquarian taste and historical researches, has accepted the appointment of librarian to the American Antiquarian Society, and will remove to Hartford with his valuable Library of 3,300 volumes—the collection of 25 years carefully treasured. The library is particularly rich in the departments of biblical and ecclesiastical literature, and of Connecticut, and especially of New England history.

☞ Rev. Laurens P. Hickock, now Professor in the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, has been selected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Dr. Richards, at the Auburn Theological Seminary.

☞ A seminary for young ladies is soon to be opened at Newark, Del., by Mr. Woods, son of Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, Mass.

General News.

DISASTER AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The schooner Ann Maria, Captain Coulter, formerly of Bath. Me. from Boston for Calais, with a cargo of lime was capsized in a squall on Friday night of last week, and all on board lost. The vessels gallery, bulwarks, hatches, &c. and out of the seamen's hats have drifted ashore.

VILLAINOUS.—Some double dyed villain blowed open yet unknown, on the night of the 15th inst. at Saldora, Pilot, of St. Louis, Missouri, on the evening of the 10th inst., while the tenants were yet asleep. The occupant escaped injury, except Mr. S., who was badly bruised.

THE U. S. TREASURY.—The Secretary of the Treasury has over *Eight Millions* to his credit at the Bank of the United States, above the current wants of the Government, and the loan of five and a half millions, not due till January next, is already locked up in the Bank.

☞ We saw last week, says the Monticello (Sullivan Co.) Watchman, in the garden of Dr. Ira Dales of this village, an apple tree with fourteen kinds of apples on it, besides the small limbs of the tree bore the fruit, the north the blossoms.

☞ Mr. York, of the smack Mora Castle, informs the editors of the New York American Republican, that on Tuesday, 6th inst. there were passed by his vessel, off Barnegat, two colored men, for participating in the late slave insurrection.

☞ Mr. George L. Seldon, U. S. Navy, was robbed on the 20th inst. at Mrs. Thompson's, on F street, Washington city, of a wallet containing bank notes to the amount of $1,000, the property of which two hundred dollars reward is offered.

☞ Isaac Harris cashed two cents and was arrested. He was released on $500 bail in 5 minutes, and John Salisbury raked and bound it in the same time, to the town of Gorham. Isaac and John are lively boys, certainly.

☞ The Brussels correspondent of the Times says that the war now being carried on by the Emperor of Morocco has been going on in Belgium. Regular soldiers of fortune, these Moors—to fight for the Moors against Christians.

☞ According to an official statement, the London Board of Health has ordered the burial of nine, employ from 1,500 to 2,000 persons, at salaries from £70 to £100 each, and pay about £200,000 a year to their servants and tradesmen.

☞ A farmer in Washington county, Md., seized on the 15th in Baltimore, that he Wanted corn the year averaged sixty-seven bushels to the bushel, and that one load averaged seventy-seven and seventy-eight pounds to the bushel.

☞ The steamer Empire, recently built at Cleveland, Ohio, and now in active employment, is of 1,220 tons burthen—the largest ever launched on any inland water in the world. She is as elegant as she is capacious.

BROKENED.—The bodies of the miners, Kenny Fox, Jonathan Nixon and John Hacker, who were killed by the explosion of fire damp in Spencer, near Pottsville, about three weeks ago, have been recovered.

☞ The Baltimore schooner Samuel Hillewell, sunk in the Chesapeake, last Sunday, and the Captain, Wm. Ford, the cook, and one boy, were drowned. The others were rescued by the brig Herald.

☞ There were shipped from the port of Boston, during the week ending the 17th inst. 587 bales of Domestic Goods—572 to South America and 15 to the West Indies.

☞ A sailor named Nicholas Whelan, paid off on Philadelphia with $245 for three years' service in the U. S. Navy, went to New York last week, and was robbed of the whole.

☞ ROBINSON & PETERSON'S MAGAZINE and PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for them should be addressed.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Count through the monthly or a Post Master can call upon and have their letters containing money *inverted*, if he does not mention nothing but what relates to the business of his office. Many hundred dollars can be saved to a stranger was generally paid to this matter. It would be well, in many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere formal approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 1st of August to the 15th of August, inclusive.

August 21, received from

A. Douglass $1 00 | D. Kestner 2 00
D. W. Price 2 00 | J. Lewis 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | E. W. Topham 2 00
T. C. Whitham 2 00 | L. C. Rawles 2 00
J. H. Lippincott 2 00 | E. Edson 6 00
J. Hall 2 00 | P. Tenney 2 00
G. H. Lewis 4 00 | J. H. Northey 4 00
J. C. Pidcock 2 00 | J. Passmore 2 00
S. C. Pillow 2 00

August 22.

S. Morton 2 00 | H. Mitchell 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | J. H. Lippincott 2 00
H. H. Lafferty 2 00 | D. Boyle 5 00
J. D. Hudson 6 00 | A. C. Hanna 2 00
R. Byers 2 00 | C. S. Wood 2 00
W. W. Black 2 00 | C. P. Ashton 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | G. L. Hathaway 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | T. H. Johnson 4 00

August 23.

Carl A. Henderson 2 00 | S. Frost 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | F. Whitehead 2 00
C. C. Clinton 2 00 | J. Russell 2 00
H. H. Morrow 2 00 | S. Gregory, jr. 2 00
J. Petersen 2 00 | J. Bender 2 00
S. C. Waters 2 00 | J. Griffin 2 00
C. S. Wood 2 00 | H. Lynch 2 00
J. W. Howard 1 00 | J. Gawen 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | J. Bridge 2 00
A. B. Lewis 2 00 | J. C. Jones 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | J. Cook 2 00
G. A. Whitney 2 00 | H. E. Lewenian 2 00
R. Gardner 2 00 | Dr. Merrick 2 00

August 24.

J. Perkins 8 00 | J. M. Thomas 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | B. W. Reeder 2 00
J. Petersen 15 00 | N. Baker 2 00
J. Petersen 2 00 | A. Ware 2 00
W. De Free 2 00 | D. T. Sayles 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | H. W. Atlee 2 00
A. Fraser 2 00 | C. Dowling 2 00
Gen. J. E. Robeson 5 00

August 26.

G. Shaw 2 00 | D. Bonnet 5 00
J. W. Jones, agt. 45 00 | J. Townsend 2 00
W. Wilmington 2 00 | H. Walker 4 00
J. Hall 2 00 | S. Bissell 2 00
J. Hance 2 00 | Mrs. J. Carrington 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | A. B. Shaw 2 00
F. W. Allen 2 00 | A. Swaney 2 00
J. Wilson 2 00 | W. McCutchin 2 00
J. Petersen 2 00 | W. Hamilton 2 00
W. Wise 1 00 | J. K. McIntosh 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | R. C. Ellerson 2 00
A. Hughes 2 00 | D. H. Pierstman 4 00
J. C. Thorp 2 00

August 27.

W. H. P. Stone, agt. 2 00 | J. Carnes 2 00
J. Moore 2 00 | C. T. Freed 2 00
J. H. Cockrill 2 00 | J. Russell 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | J. Dill 2 00
R. Woodcock 2 00 | T. A. Spalding 2 00
J. Hall 2 00 | Mrs. M. S. Wilcocks 2 00
J. C. Warner 1 00 | C. Dudley 4 00
J. Hall 2 00 | J. Hall 2 00
T. Tomlinson 1 00 | T. Lenox 2 00
W. T. Worrell 2 00 | J. Gwyn, jr. 2 00

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS, No. 112 Third Street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, August 31st, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia banks, par
Mass and Rhode Island, par
Mercantile banking, par
Bank of Pittsburg, par
U. S. Bank notes, 2½ dis
Exchange, par
Bank of Penn Township, par
Bank of Northern Liberties, par
Chester Co. W Chester, par
Farmers' Bank of Reading, par
Farmers Co. Bucks, par
Farmers' & Mech. Bank of Easton, par
Lancaster, par
Bank of Gettysburg, 1 dis
Harrisburg, par
Wyalusing bank, par
Bank of Middletown, par
Bloomsburgh banks, 11 dis
Bank of Chambersburg, par
Carlisle banks, par
Berks county bank, 80 dis
Bank of Pittsburg, par
Bank of Beaver, 50 dis
Bank of Washington, par
Bank of Wilkesbarre, par
Bank of Northumberland, par
Bank of Susquehanna, 50 dis
Bank of Towanda, par
Bank of Montrose, par
Bank of Gettysburg, par
Bank of Meadville, par
Bank of Erie, par
Bank of Northern Liberties, par
Bank of Middletown, par

Selected Poetry.

FANNY.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?"

Fanny was seventeen,
All full of beauty as a blooming rose,
Winning, bewitching, reigning o'er the beaux,
A fairy queen.

But all unconsciously
She scattered smiles, like kindling darts, around her,
And all, alike, the same sweet being found her,
Simple and free.

Love lives in all things bright;
And Fanny loved already, but she ne'er
Had whispered of her passion, save in prayer
To the still night.

A strange and silent boy
Gazed distinctly on Fanny, and there came
Into her heart a fond and holy flame,
Breathing of joy.

But he was sad in youth,
Nor ever gave he token to the maid
Of passion, in like holiness repaid,
With heart and truth.

Time rolled, and Fanny grew
To share the sadness of the dreaming boy,
And joy in her sad dreaming—the alloy
Was pleasure too.

While still around her hung
A throng of glittering rivals, none were chosen;
And that one burning heart still held a frozen
And silent tongue.

Like the volcanic fire
That smothers 'neath a pyramid of snow,
So in imprisoned torment seemed to glow
The youth's desire.

Time rolled—and came a day
When Fanny for the first time wept alone,
For he on whom her wealth of love was thrown,
Had roamed away.

Oh! he was poor and proud,
And could not, would not mingle with the crew
That daily to the feet of Fanny flew,
With tongues so loud.

Fanny had ever been
Of tender moulding, and within her eyes
Light flashed and faded, as the sunbeam dies,
Gorgeous at e'en.

Now grew upon her cheek
A most strange coldness and a stranger bloom,
That deepened still, while smaller spot of room
It seemed to seek.

Time rolled—and one by one
Fanny's rejected lovers dropped away,
And she was lonely, and no longer gay,
For xx was gone!

Slowly the years rolled by
And Fanny, like some silent floral thing,
Fading too early in its native spring,
Bent down to die.

Still dreamingly she loved,
And muttered voiceless, to each passing bird,
Asking what news was of the wanderer heard,
Or where he roved!

But the youth came no more;
And Fanny's history was early told;
Still rapidly she faded—time rolled—
And Fanny died!

When first her cheek was pale,
Some wondered, some pitied, but none knew,
As cold consumption struck her bosom through,
Of this sad tale.

Time's scythe was still on wave,
Years after, when an old man bent and wept,
And sighed away his life, and soundly slept
On Fanny's grave! PHAZMA.

From the Monthlies.

ABROAD AND AT HOME,

OR;

The Two Faced Husband.

[There is too much truth in the picture here presented. There are too many such husbands in the world.]

Those people who at the club, and elsewhere are acquainted with Mr. Wagstaff, declare he is the most generous and agreeable creature that ever turned out of the city. He arrives, his jolly face beaming with good humor. He has a good word for every body, and every man a good word for him. Some bachelors says, "Wag, my boy, there is a white-bait party at Greenwich; will you be one?" He hesitates. "I promised Mrs. Wagstaff to be home at dinner," says he; and when he says *that*, you may be sure he will go. If you propose to him a game of billiards in the afternoon he will play till dinner, and make the most ludicrous jokes about his poor wife waiting till his return. If you ask him to smoke cigars, he will do so till morning, and goes home with a story to Mrs. W., which the poor soul receives with desperate credulity. Once she used to sit up for him; but to continue the practice would have killed her. She goes to bed now, and Wagstaff reels in when he likes.

He is not ill-humored. Far from it. He never says an unkind word to the children, or to the cook, or to the boy who blacks his boots, or to his wife. She wishes he would. He comes down stairs exactly three minutes before office time. He has his tea and his newspaper in bed. His eldest daughter brings the paper in, and his dear wife appears with the tea. He has a kind word for both, and scrubs the little girl's fresh cheek with his bristly beard, and laughs at the joke, and professes a prodigious interest in her lessons, and in knowing whether Miss Wiggles, the governess, is satisfied with her; and before she finishes her answer, he is deep in the folios of the Times, and does not care a one farthing piece what the little girl says. He has promised to take the child to Astley's any time these four years. She could hardly speak when he promised it. She is a fine tall lass, and can read and write now; and though it was so long ago, has never forgotten the promise about Astley's.

When he is away from home, Wagstaff talks about his family with great affection. In the long days when he is away, their mother, God help her! is telling them what a good man their papa is—how kind and generous—and how busy he is—what a pity! he is obliged to work so hard and stay away from home! Poor creature! poor creature! Sure Heaven will pardon her these lies, if any lies are pardonable. Whenever he says he will walk with her, Arabella dresses herself in the gown he likes, and puts on a pink bonnet, and is ready to the very minute, you may be sure. How many scores and scores of times has he left the heart-sick girl?—not forgetting her in the least—but engaged elsewhere with a game of billiards, or a jolly friend and cigar—and perhaps wishing rather to be at home all the time—but he is so good natured, such a capital fellow.

Whenever he keeps his appointment—Heaven help us! she brightens up as if it were Paradise coming to her. She looks with a triumphant air at the servant who opens the door, and round about at the neighbors windows, as if she would have all the world know that she is walking with her husband. Every now and then as she walks—(it is but twice or thrice a year, for Wagstaff has his business on week days, and never gets up till one of a Sunday)—every now and then as she walks with him, the delighted creature gives a skip, and squeezes his arm, and looks up into his face, she is so happy. And so is he, too, for he is as good a fellow as ever breathed—and he resolves to take her out the very next Sunday—only he doesn't. Every one of these walk days is noted down in the poor soul's little calendar of home as saint's days. She talks of them quite fondly; and there is not one of her female friends whom she won't visit for weeks after, and to whom she will not be sure to find some pretext for recounting the wonderful walk.

Wagstaff is absent—at a questionable party. Contrast the two scenes—she at home—the simple, white robed, spotless, meek-eyed angel of a wife—thinking about her husband—and he among the tawdry good-for-nothings! Fizz! there goes the first champagne cork, Mr. Wagstaff is making a tender speech to Madame Virginie.

At that moment Arabella is up stairs in the nursery, where the same moon is shining in, and putting her youngest boy to bed.

Bang! there goes the second cork. Virginie screams—Fitzsimons roars with laughter—Wagstaff hob-nobs with the old lady, who gives a wink and a nod. They are taking away the fish and putting down the *entrees*.

At that moment Arabella has her second child between her knees, (the little one is asleep with its thumb in its mouth, and the elder is beginning to rub her eyes over her fa- [illegible]

strong minded nature. The only time they quarrel is, when the old lady calls her son-in-law a brute; then the young one fires up and defends her own like a little Amazon.

What is this secret of love? How does it spring? How is it that no neglect can kill it? In truth, its origin and endurance are alike utterly absurd and unreasonable. What secret power was it that made this delicate minded young creature; who had been bred up upon the purest doctrines of the sainted Mrs. Chapone; who had never thought about love; who, simple soul, had been utterly absorbed in her little daily duties, her piano-forte practice, her French lesson, her use of the globes, her canary bird, and her Magnall's questions—what, I say, is it that makes this delicate girl all of a sudden expand into a passion of love for a young sugar baker, simply because she meets him three times riding a gray mare on Clapham common, and afterward (the sly rogue!) on half a dozen occasions at her aunt's at tea? What is it that makes her feel that a young sugar baker is the fatal man with whom her existence is bound up; go through fire and water to marry him; love him in spite of neglect and indifference; adore him so absurdly, that a half-hour's kindness from him more than balances a month's brutality? Oh, mystery of woman's heart!

Wagstaff, so splendid with his dinners and so generous on himself, is not so generous at home. He pays the bills with only a few oaths; but somehow he leaves his wife without money. He will give it to any body rather than to her; a fact of which he himself is, very likely, unaware at this minute, or of the timidity of his wife in asking for it. In order to avoid this asking, the poor girl goes through unheard of economies, and performs the most curious tricks of avarice. She dresses herself for nothing, and she dresses her children out of her own frocks. Certain dimities, capes, pinafores, and other fallals, have gone through the family; and Arabella, though she sees ever such a pretty thing in a shop window, will pass on with a sigh; whereas her Lancelot is a perfect devourer of waistcoats, and never sets his eyes on a flaring velvet that strikes his fancy, but you will be sure to behold him the next week swaggering about in the garment in Pall Mall. Women are ever practising these petty denials, about which the lords of the creation never think.

I will tell you what I once saw Arabella doing. She is a woman of very high breeding, and no inconsiderable share of family pride; well, one day on going to Wagstaff's house, who had invited a party of us to Blackwall, about a bet he had lost, I was, in the master's absence, ushered into the drawing room, which is furnished very fine, and there sat the lady of the house at her work table, with her child prattling at her knee.

I could not understand what made Mrs. Wagstaff blush so—look so entirely guilty of something or other—fidget, answer a travers, and receive an old friend in this strange and inhospitable way.

She, the descendant of the Smith, of Smithfield, of the Browns, of Brown Hall, the proud daughter of the aristocracy, *was making a pair of trousers for her eldest son.* She huddled them away hastily under a pillow—but bah! we have keen eyes—and from under that pillow the buttons peeped out, and with these buttons the secret—they were white ducks—Wagstaff's white ducks—his wife was making them into white ducklings for little Fred.

The sight affected me. I should like to have cried, only it is unmanly; and to cry about a pair of little breeches! I should like to have seized hold of Mrs. Wagstaff and hugged her to my heart; but she would have screamed, and rang for John to show me down stairs; so I disguised my feelings by treading on the tail of her spaniel dog, whose squealing caused a diversion.

But I shall never forget those breeches. What! Wagstaff is flaunting in a coat of Nugee's, and his son has that sweet, humble tailor. Wagstaff is preparing for Blackwall, and here is his wife plying her gentle needle. Wagstaff feasts off plate and frothing wine, and Arabella sits down to cold mutton in the nursery, with her little ones ranged about her. Wagstaff enjoys—Arabella suffers. He flings about his gold; and she tries to stave off evil days by little savings of meek pence. Wagstaff sins and she forgives—and trusts, loves, and hopes on, in spite of carelessness and coldness, neglect and extravagance.

This is the moral of the story. Oh, ye Wagstaffs of this world, profit by it. Oh, ye gentle, meek angels of Arabellas, be meek and gentle still. If an angel can reclaim a man, who can!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

How many there are who sing and dream
Of happier seasons coming,
And ever in fancy, to catch a beam
Of a Golden Era, roaming
The world may grow old—and young again—
And the hope of a better shall still remain.

Hope comes with life at its dawning hour;
Hope sports with the infant creeper;
Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power,
And when, too, the gray-haired weeper
Has closed in the grave his weary round,
He plants the tree of Hope on the mound.

It is not an empty, vain deceit,
In the brains of fools created;
It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,
Where its longings shall all be sated.
And the promise the in-dwelling voice thus makes
To the hoping soul—it never breaks.

Biographical.

CAMPBELL THE POET.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Scotland. He was born at Glasgow, in 1777. So early as when but nine years of age, he attempted to write poetry. In 1780, he left School to go to the University of Glasgow, where he was considered an excellent Latin scholar, and gained great distinction in a contest with a candidate twice as old as himself. He gained many prizes, and in Greek he took the lead of all his fellow-students.

Quitting Glasgow, he became a tutor in a high family in Argyleshire. Then among the mountains of his land he gave himself up to poetry, and proved one of its most successful votaries. After some time he removed to Edinburgh, where he became intimate with Dugald Stuart, and the leading Professors of the University. It was there that he produced his "Pleasures of Hope," being then but twenty-one years of age. This fine performance at once gave him fame, and for twenty years afterward, gave to the publishers between two and three hundred pounds annually. They had originally given him £10 for the poem. Afterward he received some further remuneration, and was allowed the profit accruing from a quarto edition of his works. "Many a true word is spoken in jest," the proverb teaches; and an anecdote told of Campbell may be thought to indicate a feeling within, not very favorable to those who had given his poem to the world. Being in a festive party at a period when the actions of Bonaparte were most severely condemned, on being called upon for a toast, Campbell gave "The health of Napoleon." This caused great surprise to all the company, and an explanation was called for. "The only reason I have for proposing to honor Bonaparte," said he, "is that he had the *virtue to shoot a bookseller.*" Palm, a bookseller, had recently been executed in Germany by order of the French chief.

After remaining three years in Edinburgh, he resolved to visit the continent. He sailed for Hamburgh, and travelled through a great part of Germany and Prussia, visiting the Universities, and acquiring a knowledge of German literature. From the walls of a convent he beheld a part of the field of Hohenlinden, during that sanguinary contest, and proceeded afterward in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat. This impressive sight produced the celebrated "Battle of Hohenlinden;" an ode which is as original as it is spirited, and stands by itself in British literature. The poet tells a story of the phlegm of a German postilion at this time, who was driving him past by a place where a skirmish of cavalry had happened, and who alighted and disappeared, leaving the carriage and traveller alone in the cold (for the ground was covered with snow) for a considerable space of time. At length he came back, and it was found that [illegible]

Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish descent, and of great personal beauty. He established himself in the pleasant village of Sydenham, and it was in a house looking on the reservoir that his "Gertrude of Wyoming," was written. He soon afterward removed to London, and subsequently revisited Germany, and spent some time in Vienna. On his return, he undertook the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, which, under him, rose to great importance.

In 1824, Campbell published his "Theodric, a Domestic Tale," the least popular of his works. Many pieces of great merit came out in the same volume, among which are the "Lines to J. P. Kemble," and those entitled "The Last Man." The fame of Campbell, however, must rest on his previous publications, which, though not numerous, are so correct, and were so fastidiously revised that, while they remain as standards of purity in the English tongue, they sufficiently explain why their author's compositions are so limited in number, "since he who wrote so correctly should not be expected to write much." By his marriage Campbell had two sons. One of them died before attaining his twentieth year; the other while at Bonn, where, as already observed, he was placed for his education, exhibited symptoms of an erring mind, which, on his return to England soon afterward, ripened into mental derangement of the milder species. The disease, it is probable, he inherited on his mother's side, as on his father's no symptoms of it had ever been shown. After several years passed in this way, during which the mental disease considerably relaxed, so that young Campbell become wholly inoffensive, his father received him into his house. The effect of such a sight upon the mind of the most exquisite sensibility, like the poet's, may be readily imagined; it was, at times, a source of the keenest suffering.

To Mr. Campbell we owe the origin of the London University. He had thrice the honor of being elected lord rector of Glasgow in the University where he had formerly studied. His life, for the most part, was a prosperous, peaceable, and a joyous career. He was associated with the ablest poets and most celebrated wits of the age. Though irritable, and sometimes not sufficiently cautious at the convivial board, every one gave him credit for kindly feeling, and regarded him as a most estimable character. Those who knew his virtues would fondly linger near his tomb. But while they mourn that he is withdrawn from this scene, they will perhaps be consoled, repeating his thoughts, so beautifully expressed in his "Last Man," and exclaim—

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine!
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

Amusing Matter.

FROM PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

CHARACTER OF SERVANTS.

LETTER NO. I.

FROM A LADY INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A SERVANT.

Madam: Bridget Duster having applied to me for a place of maid-of-all-work, I beg to learn of you, as her last mistress, her fitness for the serious responsibility of that situation. Having suffered so much from the impertinence and wickedness of servants; (I have often thought they were only sent into this world to torment respectable people,) you will, I am sure forgive me if I appear somewhat particular in my inquiries. Experience, madam, has made me circumspect. There was a time when I thought all the world as good and honest as myself; but house-keeping wipes the bloom from the human heart, and make us lock our tea-caddies.

I have kept house for five-and-twenty years, in which time I have endeavored to find a servant who should be without a fault; yet, though I have given eight pounds a year with tea and sugar—would you believe it?—I have never succeeded. However, I must say it, I liked the face of Bridget; I never saw a deeper small-pox. As for handsome servants, I never have 'em: they always think more of their faces than their fire-irons, and are pocketing up their mouths at the looking glass when they should be rubbing the door-plate. Curls, too, I never suffer to cross my threshold. I know more than one instance in which curls have destroyed the peace of a family. For my money, a servant can't be too plain; in a word, I think ugliness to be a sort of cheap livery intended by nature for maids-of-all-work—it keeps 'em in their proper place, and prevents 'em thinking of foolishness. So far, Bridget's looks are most satisfactory.

And now, ma'am, for the article of dress. Servants have never been servants since linsey-woolsey went out. It makes my very flesh creep to see 'em flaunting about, for all the world as if they were born to silk gowns and open work in their stockings. I have seen a household servant go out for the day with a parasol! I prophesied her end, and—poor wretch! so it came about. What I have suffered, too, from such presumption! I once had a creature who copied every new cap I had, violating my best feelings under my own roof! Bridget looks like an humble dresser, fit for a kitchen. I trust she is so.

I hope, however, she is sober. When servants are very plain, they sometimes, to revenge themselves on nature, fly to drink. This is shocking: for with such people, with all one's locking and bolting, one's brandy is never safe.

In the next place, does Bridget break? Not but what I always make my servants pay for all they destroy; still, they can't pay for one's nerves. Again, there is the danger—they may break beyond their wages.

Is Bridget honest? Pray, madam, be particular on this point, for I have been much deceived. I once took a servant with the finest character for honesty; and, only a week afterward detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurdy-gurdy foreigner with white mice.

Is Bridget civil? Will she bear wholesome reproof? A servant who answers is my abomination. It is clearly flying in the face of the best interests of society. Surely people who pay wages have a right to find what fault they please; it is the natural privilege that marks the mistress from the maid. I would have a severe law to punish a servant who answers—even if right.

Is Bridget an early riser, without any reference to the time she may be allowed to go to bed? A good maid-of-all-work should, so to speak, be like a needle, and always sleep with one eye open.

Has Bridget any followers? Such creatures I never allow. I conceive that a servant ought to be a sort of a nun, and, from the moment she enters your house, should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something in? And then for company doesn't she see the butcher, the baker, the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

Is Bridget industrious—is she clean? I hope, for the poor creature's sake, that you may be able to answer these few questions to my satisfaction, when Bridget may immediately bring her boxes. With me, her duties will be few, but they must be punctually performed. Indeed, I require a servant to consider herself a sort of human kitchen-clock. She must have no temper, no sulks, no flesh-and-blood feelings, as I've heard impudent hussies call their airs and graces, but must go as regularly through her work as though she was made of steel strings and brass pullies. For such a person, there is a happy home in the house of

Your obedient servant, PAMELA SQUAW.

LETTER NO. II.

FROM A SERVANT INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF HER MISTRESS.

Dear Molly: Finding that you're in a place next door to Mrs. Squaw, and remembering what friends we used to be when both of us lived with the pastry cook, I have thought fit to write to you to inquire about your neighbor. It's all very fine, Molly, for mistresses to haggle about the characters of their maids, but surely we poor servants have as much right to ask the characters of our mistresses. However, those who pay wages will always have [illegible]

I've agreed to pay for all I break, but that I don't mind, as I never break nothing—it's always the cat. But then I've known mistresses mean enough to put off a cracked basin on a poor servant. What is Mrs. Squaw's character for crockery?

Mrs. Squaw asked me if I had any followers, as she allowed no such thing. I said—and truly, Molly—that I had nobody that followed me; but, Molly, there is a young man that I have followed these two years, and will, so long as I've eyes to stare and limbs to move. Such a sweet creature—six feet one inch and a half without boots! Such a mustachio on his lip! Such a delicate thing—just the color of a leech! He's in the Life Guards, Molly—quite a building of a man. You can't think how fond he is of me—for the last two years he's smoked my wages in segars. I lost one place about him—and gloried in it! It was one quarter day, and he came whistling about the area. Mistress saw his red coat, and ringing the bell, asked me what I meant by harboring a low soldier? My blood was up like ginger beer. "It's all very well for you, Ma'am, (says I) to say low soldier; but, Ma'am, (says I) you don't know what it is to be courted by a Life Guardsman."

Oh, these mistresses, Molly! they think poor servants have no more flesh and blood than a porridge skillet. They can have their comfortable courtings in their parlors and drawing-rooms; and then, with their very toes at the fire, they can abuse a poor servant for only whispering a bit of love, all among the snow, perhaps in the area. This is the treatment that often makes poor girls desperate, and drives 'em to marriage afore their time.

No followers, indeed! No; they think that the cat and the kettle, and the kitchen clock, are company enough for a poor servant. They never think of us in the long winter nights, when they are playing at cards or chatting with folks who have dropt in—they never think of us, all alone as we are, without a soul to speak to! No; we must have no followers, though, perhaps, the parlor is ringing again with laughter; and our only chance of opening our lips is the chance of being sent out to get oysters for the company.

However, dear Molly, write me all you know about the character of Mrs. Squaw; if she's sober, and gives civil words and regular wages to her servants, I don't mind having her for a mistress, until the sweet day arrives when I become a soldier's wedded lady. Till then,

Believe me your friend,
and old fellow servant,
BRIDGET DUSTER.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I knew two friends, as much alike
As ere you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took a paper, and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all could read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him—as it should.

Had he been reading of the news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent the accident
Would not have happened him.

You are convinced of the importance of taking a paper? Then send to the Saturday Post, and subscribe!

A MISSING BATTALION.—Killed off! was an expression once unhappily made use of in the British Senate, by some cold-blooded metaphysicians; but to show how easily military men are reconciled to the thing itself, Mr. Labaume has given us an anecdote of the campaign against Russia by Bonaparte. It appears that toward the extreme right, the Russians had a redoubt, which by its destructive fire, spread consternation through the French line. After a sanguinary combat of about an hour, this redoubt was carried, with the loss of twelve hundred men, who remained dead in the intrenchments; and, next day, when Napoleon was reviewing the sixty-first regiment which had suffered the greatest loss, he asked the Colonel what had become of one of his battalions? "Sire!" replied he, "*it is in the redoubt!*"

Our Scrap Book.

BURIAL OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willows and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of the rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling water's flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest
In purity, o'er the sleeper's breast,
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Murmuring gently its soft note of love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest
Where wandering Peri love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there.

LOVE OF TITLES IN AMERICA.—A well known gentleman at Winchester, in the State of Virginia, related an amusing anecdote to me on this subject. Crossing the Potomac, in Virginia, with his horse in a ferry boat, the ferryman said—"Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward," which he immediately did, observing to the man—"I am not a major, sir, and you need not call me one." "Well, kurnel," replied the ferryman, "I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so any more." Being arrived at the landing place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said—"My good friend, I am a very plain man; I am neither a colonel nor a major; I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?" The ferryman looked at him and said—"You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody at all, and I swear I'll charge you nothing."

☞ A gentleman seeing a number of cows in a field grazing, observed, "he did not wonder that the grass didn't *get high*, as it was *cow'd down.*" Again—seeing a cellar nearly finished, he remarked, "it was an excellent foundation for a *story*." Again—"a man in a promising field would not make *rye* faces, without being cross-*grained*—if he did, it would cause a-*maize*-ment."

☞ A man was saying in company, that he had seen a juggler place a ladder in open ground upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds and stand upon one end, top erect. Another, who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he had arrived at the top, *he pulled it up after him.*

☞ "If you have no distinct idea of your ancestors, their habits, characters, principles and occupations, get nominated for some prominent office, and the opposition prints will give you your genealogy to the farthest remove. They will tell you what your great grandfather preferred for dinner.

☞ A gentleman having used some argument in favor of drinking, concluded with—"You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes one forget what is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink in that case?" "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "if he sat next to you."

☞ At a dinner party in Dublin, where a furious controversy occurred, B—— losing his temper, boisterously said to a stranger, who sat next to him: "On what side sir, are you?—are you an Atheist or a Deist?" "On neither, sir," was the immediate reply, "I am a *dentist.*"

☞ A poor man once came to a miser and said, "I have a boon to ask." "So have I," said the miser; "grant mine first, then will I comply with thine." "Agreed." "My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

☞ The schoolmaster asked poor Tam, the idiot, how long a man could live without brains? Tam laying hold of the dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his [illegible]

THE LAST GATHERING.

Ocean and earth restore
All that your arms entomb!
From every distant shore,
Come to the gathering—come!

Sages of days gone by,
Long mouldering in the tomb,
Haste to the realms on high,
Come to the gathering—come!

Warrior with laurell'd brow,
Who fixed a nation's doom,
Come to the judgment now,
Come to the gathering—come!

Maiden with lip of rose,
And brow of Parian stone,
Haste from thy long repose,
Come to the gathering—come!

Bright was thy dark eye's gleam,
Fair was thy cheeks of bloom,
Again those charms shall beam!
Come to the gathering—come!

Mourner with tearful eye,
Haste to thy spirit's home,
A peaceful rest on high!
Come to the gathering—come!

Loved one of days gone by,
Haste from the grave's cold gloom!
Again we meet on high!
Come to the gathering—come!

Ocean and earth, restore
All that your arms entomb,
Myriads from every shore,
Come to the gathering—come!

☞ The Polka has set the heads of some of the Northern poets whirling. One of them thus discourses:

The Polka as danced at the Opera
Aint the Polka as danced in society;
The latter is much more properer,
And danced with the strictest propriety.

☞ Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at their different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not got strength enough to run out of the tea-pot."

☞ A man out West has been terribly trounced by his wife, because he took his overcoat and boots out of her bustle, just as she wanted to put it on. Next time he'll mind his own business.

☞ It is currently reported, and generally believed of the female sex, that they do not scruple to hook each other's frocks.

Choice Selections.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

After receiving his rents, Lord C. was in the habit of retiring with his steward to his study; and there after settling his accounts, of depositing the money in his strong box till the next day, when the steward was sent with it to the bank. This man had lived with this lord's father, and was so beloved by the family, that they placed implicit confidence in his integrity and worth. For some time his Lordship had, upon inspecting the banker's book, and upon reference to his private account, found that the sum they credited him was always short of that he sent. This being continued, led to severe investigations; but no result that came out satisfied him how the deficiency could happen. Some of the servants came under his displeasure, and they were at various periods dismissed.

On one particular rent-day he placed the money in a different room, still having for his confident the old steward, who, of course, joined with his lord in regretting his late losses. On the same night the house-maid went to this room to see that the shutters were safe; and, recollecting that she had to clean it out very early, she thought it not worth while to go to bed, but determined to lay herself down and sleep on the sofa. She did so, and put out the candle.

When half asleep she was awakened by a noise at the door, and she was just going to start up and ring the bell, thinking it was thieves, when it slowly opened, and in walked the old steward. He looked cautiously round and hesitated; but seeing no object, went to the escrutoire where his lord had locked his rents up—after opening the lock, took out what he pleased—and then re-locking the drawer, was going out, when the reflection of the candle upon the servant's clothes caught his eye! He started; but—she might be asleep, and his transgressions not witnessed.

To be assured of this, he went to the sofa, and flashed the candle back and forwards before her eyes. The girl lay still. He put his hand into his pocket, drew out a clasp knife, and opened it. He flashed it before her eyes. The girl lay still. He then put it to her throat—drew it across and across it,—till she could feel the edge almost cut her. She was now aware that silence could alone save her life; for did she move, he would, of course, murder her. She had presence of mind to lay still as death. Satisfied after this terrible trial, that she must be fast asleep, he closed the knife and walked out of the room.

The frightened girl waited till she heard his footsteps faint away; and then she rushed up to the chamber of her lord, and awakening him, she detailed the whole of the scene, begging his Lordship to satisfy himself of the truth. She had no sooner told her story than she fainted. Lord C. hardly credited her; but he arose, leaving Lady C. to take care of the girl; and, after raising up his valet and other servants, proceeded to search for the steward.

His apartments being in a different wing of the house, they looked all about, and then cautiously made their way to his room. One of the men climbed up to the window and saw the old man counting money. He descended and told this, and then they rushed into the room, and before the villain could hide his prize, they had him a prisoner. His Lordship identified the bank notes found upon him, and he was, after a severe examination sent to prison.

Afraid of being executed, and dreading to face his injured lord and various other gentlemen, who had placed confidence in him, he put an end to his life by cutting his own throat; not before he left a letter detailing the sums he had purloined, and where his master could find them. Justice being frustrated by his not being made an example of, his Lordship was not sorry to be spared accusing his old and hitherto supposed faithful servant, and the whole was hushed up as much as possible.

We return to the poor girl. After a great deal of care, she recovered so as again to repeat before the steward her evidence; but when she came to that part where she felt the knife touch her throat, the horror of the circumstance threw her into convulsions, and she went mad.

THE EAGLES OF COLUMBIA,

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY THE "PEASANT BARD."

The Eagles of Columbia!
How gallantly they fly,
With vengeance in their awful swoop,
With lightning in their eye!—
When perched upon our standard bright
Above our stripes and stars,
They shall wave o'er the brave
In the thunder-storm of Mars.

The colors of Columbia!—
Her son who roams the earth,
Tho' frozen at the icy pole,
Or scorched on Cancer's hearth,
Shall look upon them, and forget
His sufferings and woes,
For they wave o'er the brave
Where the breeze of ocean blows.

The soldier, ere the signal flies
Along the waiting line,
Beholds his country's bird with pride
And kindles at the shrine!
Resolved thro' blood and carnage dire
To bear it safely, for
It shall wave o'er the brave
In the sulphur cloud of war.

The sailor, ere the foeman strikes,
Aloft shall glance his eye
To where, fast-nailed for victory,
Columbia's pennons fly;
And when the volied thunder breaks,
Forth-ushering death and woe,
They shall wave o'er the brave
On the gory decks below.

When Peace, with all her smiling train,
Moves gently thro' the land,
And patriots to their homes retire
And sheath the glittering brand—
Victoriously our Eagles fly
When war's commotions cease
They shall wave o'er the brave
In the smiling beams of Peace.—*Tribune.*

GREAT SHOOTING.—Two men, Jones and Martin, went deer hunting. After remaining together awhile, they separated, and soon [illegible]

WOLFISH GENERALSHIP.

I was, as usual, scanning the horizon with my telescope, at day-break, to see if any game was in sight. I had discovered a small herd of antelope feeding on a field from whence the crop had been lately removed, and was about to take the glass from my eye for the purpose of reconnoitering the ground, when, in a remote corner of the field, concealed from the antelope by a few intervening bushes, I faintly discerned, in the gray twilight, a pack of six wolves, seated on their hind quarters like dogs, and apparently in deep consultation. It appeared evident that, like myself, they wanted venison, and had some design upon the antelope; and, being curious to witness the mode of proceeding adopted by these four-footed poachers, I determined to watch their motions. I accordingly dismounted, leaving my horse in charge of the sewar, and creeping as near the scene of action as I could without being discovered, concealed myself behind a bush. Having apparently decided on their plan of attack, the wolves separated, one remaining stationary and the other five creeping cautiously round the edge of the field, like setters drawing on a shy covey of birds. In this manner they surrounded the unsuspecting herd, one wolf lying down at each corner of the field, and the fifth creeping silently towards the centre of it, where he concealed himself in a deep furrow. The sixth wolf, which had not yet moved, now started from his hiding-place and made a dash at the antelope. The graceful creatures, confident in matchless speed, tossed their heads, as if in disdain, and started off in a succession of flying bounds that soon left their pursuer far behind. But no sooner did they approach the edge of the field than one of the crouching wolves, started up, turned them, and chased them in a contrary direction, while his panting accomplice lay down in his place to recover wind for a fresh burst. Again the bounding herd dashed across the plain, hoping to escape on the opposite side; but here they were once more headed by one of the crafty savages, who, in his turn, took up the chase and coursed them till relieved by a fresh hand from an opposite quarter. In this manner the persecuted animals were driven from side to side and from corner to corner, a fresh assailant heading them at every turn, till they appeared perfectly stupified with fear, and, crowding about like frightened sheep, began to wheel round in diminishing circles.

All this time the wolf which lay concealed in the furrow, near the centre of the field, had never moved, although the antelope had passed and repassed within a few feet of him, and had, perhaps, even jumped over him: his time for action had not yet arrived. It now became evident that the unfortunate antelope must soon be tired out, when it appeared probable that the surrounding wolves would have made a combined attack and drive the terrified herd towards the centre of the field, where the wolf who had, hitherto, been lying in reserve would have sprung up in the midst of them and secured, at least, one victim. I, however, did not allow matters to proceed so far. I was satisfied with what I had seen, and resolved to turn the tables on my friends, the wolves, by making a slight change in the last act of the tragedy, which was fast approaching. Accordingly, just as the antelope appeared to be driven to a stand-still, I put a stop to further proceedings on the part of their ravenous assailants by sending a rifle bullet through the body of the nearest skulker, who incontinently gave up the ghost, and his sagacious companions seeing their game was up, now that "the man with the gun" had taken a hand, made a precipitate retreat, leaving me undisputed master of the field. I might easily have brought down an antelope with my second barrel, for the poor things appeared stupified with fear, but, after having so far espoused their cause, I felt it would be treachery, on my part, to avail myself of this advantage, and accordingly allowed them to depart in peace.—*The Old Forest Ranger.*

WOMAN.

The heart of woman, like the diamond, has
Light treasured in it. There a ray serene
Of Heaven's own sunshine ever more hath been,
And though each star of hope and joy may pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
If man but kindly keep that heart he'll find
Sweet gleams of consolation there enshrined,
That will again illume his spirit's eye,
And through all time, and trial and distress,
Beam on him with a constant blessedness.
Oh! did he always love her as he should,
She never would forget him. Did he strew
Nothing but thornless flowers of kindness through
His "household ways," her happy spirit would
Gather from them love's honey like the bee,
And hive it in the cells of memory,
In after years to be his manna food,
When worn and faint in sorrow's solitude

The Olio.

A BAD BARGAIN.

We heard from good authority the following fact. It occurred in one of the towns of Massachusetts, not far from Rhode Island. It is a compound of rum and benevolence, appetite and cunning, high and low depravity, such as seldom comes to light.

"Husband, what do you think I have done to-day?" said Mrs. C. to the keeper of a country store, where the drunkard's 'Oh-be-joyful' was sold, upon his return home to dinner.

"I cannot possibly tell, my dear, I dare say something clever."

"Well, I never did such a thing before, but the man looked so pitiful, I thought I would encroach upon your wardrobe a little, for once, as I knew you could well supply the poor creature's wants, without any inconvenience to yourself."

"You have given away one of my coats, I suppose; hope you didn't make a mistake, and give my go-to-meeting one, did you?"

"Oh, no; I gave away one of your shirts. He said he had none, and had called to beg one—so I gave him one, and he went off as happy as if I had given him a cow. I don't know when I have seen such a smile of joy at so small a gift."

"Given a shirt!" said the husband, "I should like to know who there is so poor as to be without a shirt. Old Tom Jones is the poorest creature I know of, and I don't believe but he has got a shirt, as poor a drunkard as he is."

"Tom Jones!—there, I don't believe but it was Jones; I have heard you describe him, and it was him, I know. He looked cunning, and that smile of his seemed to be half joy, half fun, and if I was Irish, I would say the other half was *savage.*"

"Very likely it was Jones, for he has been in the store to-day."

"Has he? and had he a short jacket on, and holes in his pants, and miserable shoes without stockings."

"Just so."

"He is the very man. Had he a bundle, or had he put the shirt on?"

"He had his bottle, as usual, but I saw no bundle, and I did not notice whether he had a collar or not."

"His bottle!" said the wife, "well, I hope you did not fill it for him, for that would seem like the story in the paper lately, where the wife told her husband she would supply the drunkard's family out of her house as long as he supplied the rum from the store. Did you let him have any?"

"Any what, my dear, molasses or vinegar? You have no objections to selling him anything he will pay for?"

"Yes, I have, you know I have. I would not sell him rum for pay, and you may trust him for anything else. I wish you would let him have molasses. But did you let him have rum?"

"Yes, my dear, I did," said the husband. "He seemed so feeble, and wished that I would let him have a little."

"How much?"

"Half-a-pint."

"Half-a-pint! enough to make him drunk, and he will lose his shirt before he gets home, and I might as well turned him off without it. Well, now, husband, let me know, do you trust Jones for rum?"

"No."

"Did he pay for it?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Six cents."

"In money?"

"No."

"How then?"

"In rags."

"In rags! I'll bet a dollar you have bought your own shirt back again! and I'll go this minute and see. No, you sit still and finish [illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are *always behind* to take hints from our suggestions, and simply announcing an *intention*, to claim more than the merit of the *presence performer.*

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to *show our hand*, and an enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of *noted places* in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. CROOME and others are engaged to supply us with a series of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of JAMES HERRING, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by CHAPMAN and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & SMILLIE, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. RICHARDS, two noble-hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. These views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in *every part of the Union.* One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of *Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c.* So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, *from original American drawings and pictures*, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which we are proud. This we projected *more than two years ago*, and Mr. Peterson and others at that time began, at our instance, to collect letter-press materials for these sketches, as can be proved if necessary by a host of witnesses. We have *now four of these Battle-Grounds ready to publish, and shall give one in the July number.* We already occupy the ground, by the possession of more than a dozen of these sketches, and therefore *defy* any thing more than a *mere show* of competition.

We had a conversation with Col. S. D. Patterson, upon this subject, early last summer, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for valuable suggestions on this matter. We add notes from him and other gentlemen below.*

We have thought proper to meet this question, because a similar effort was made to deprive us of credit, when, in 1841 and '42, the magazine world was taken by storm with our unequalled series of mezzotint plates—a feature adopted by others long after we had occupied the field.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors" is a feature which we claim as *our own*, and, though imitators may arise, we have secured *all the best writers of the day*, who come appropriately under the denomination of "Our Contributors," and we need not tell our readers that these are nineteen-twentieths of our magazine writers. *We, therefore, bid defiance to any and all competition in magazine illustration.*

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The high tone of the articles in Graham's Magazine has given it the proud position of "*the leading magazine in America.*" With such writers as the following, *secured* as regular contributors, the publisher defies any rivalry: James Fenimore Cooper, Hon. James K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Herbert, James Russel Lowell, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Hon. R. T. Conrad, with a host of other gentlemen of high repute.

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mary Clavers, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Peirson, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Rand, Miss Hervey, and others.

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

An arrangement has been made with competent artists for *Original Music* for Graham's Magazine, and also for the earliest styles of fashionable costume, which will regularly appear in this work.

TERMS

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An Original Novel will be sent to each subscriber.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1844.

* MY DEAR SIR—In reply to your inquiry, I can state, with perfect confidence, that, in the summer of 1843, I had a conversation with you on the subject of making engraved views of the "Battle-Grounds of America" a feature in the Magazine, and that I then saw, in your possession, an original sketch of Chew's House, and the battle-field at Germantown. Very truly, &c. S. D. PATTERSON.

GEO. R. GRAHAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember the occasion on which the publication of "The Battle-fields of America" in your Magazine was projected. It was in my office, more than two years ago, in a conversation betwixt you, several other gentlemen, and myself. About a year afterward, to my knowledge, steps were taken to put the project in execution. Yours, truly,

April 23d, 1844. CHAS. J. PETERSON.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember that, more than eighteen months ago, you mentioned to me, in a conversation I had with you, that you were about introducing "The Battle-Grounds" into your Magazine, and that I then expressed a high opinion of the plan.

Philada., April 23, 1844. SAML. TILLER.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR & WOOD NAPHTHA.—Alluding to this powerful remedy, "The Spirit of the Times" says,—"It succeeds by far any medicine we have ever heard of for success in the cure of Consumption—we warmly *recommend* it to all who are predisposed to that terrible malady. Having used it ourselves we speak from *experience* and pronounce it an unrivalled remedy in pulmonary diseases and Liver Complaint."

STILL FURTHER PROOF! READ! READ!
WONDERFUL CURE OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION by THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA!

PHILADELPHIA, May 3, 1844.

Mr. S. P. Thomson—Dear Sir—It is not within the power of language to express to you the gratitude I feel for your kindness, but had I ability, the fame of your medicine should be sounded throughout the world for the benefit of suffering humanity in every clime. I do not say too much, and well attested facts bear me out, when I say your COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR has, through Providence, literally raised me from a death-bed!

Last fall I contracted a severe cold, which resulted in violent inflammation of the lungs, which threw me into a rapid decline, with racking cough, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart and oppression, and at times the circulation seemed suspended, a coldness would come over me, and I felt that powers of life were fast giving way. Nothing I took benefitted me, my appetite having left me, my stomach and bowels being completely deranged, and my physician gave me up, saying I was past help, and must die.

Mr. Vickers, one of the undersigned, called to see me, and kindly brought me a bottle of your medicine, but found me in a dying state; he left the medicine, however, and I so far revived as to swallow, with great difficulty, a teaspoonful, and astonishing indeed were its effects, before taking my first bottle, I threw off from my lungs a large quantity of corrupt matter, which relieved me wonderfully, and enabled my lungs to heal. The disease was completely arrested, and to your invaluable medicine alone I owe my restoration to health. For some time I had charge of the T. A. Society's Reading-Room, and thousands know me, and can bear witness that the foregoing statement is strictly true.

With feelings of lasting gratitude, I am respectfully yours, &c., WASHINGTON MACK,
Charlotte street, above George.

WE, the undersigned, being personally acquainted with Washington Mack and his sufferings, bear witness to the astonishing effects of Thompson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Naphtha, and the truth of the above statement.

JOSEPH WINNER, No. 349 North Third street.
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STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION [illegible]

UMBRELLAS CHEAP. [illegible]

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT! THE WONDERFUL EFFECT OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE. [illegible]

matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and then like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her EXPECTORATE.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect, june 17-1y
JOHN KNOX, PRINTER, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY are informed that JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, NEVER fails to cure SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, &c., and all other affections of the Stomach and Bowels.

DARLINGTON, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne: Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a *bowel complaint.* It continued for about two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a teaspoonful of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of your medicines, and why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presb. Church, Darlington, Pa.

Dr. Jayne: Dear Sir—Having used in my family for eight years, your Carminative Balsam, I deem it due to yourself and the public to state that I have uniformly found it efficient in relieving and removing the complaints for which it is intended. I am strongly opposed to all quackery, but touching the above medicine, "I have testified that which *I do know*," and that which *I have experienced.* Respectfully yours, JOHN C. HARRISON,
Pastor of Baptist Church, Bordentown, N. J.
June 1, 1839.

The names of hundreds of others equally respectable can be given, and all pronounce it the most valuable medicine in the world for the cure of Bowel Complaints.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
GEORGE W. EATON,
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1838.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. B. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut street.
[illegible]

[illegible]